

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 526.]

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



UP THE RIVER.

"Although he has not yet hoisted the black flag, Poor Pa has, nevertheless, recently proved himself to be a Bold Bad Buccaneer of the most bloodcurdling type. Whether this fact will eventually lead him to the gallows remains to be seen. At anyrate, his seizure of a house-boat on the upper reaches of the Thames, during the absence of its rightful owner, will be severely condemned by all peace-loving people. Alexandry's conduct, too, was none the less reprehensible, but he is still very young. Dad tried to justify himself by asserting that his Family required a change. But I am afraid the police authorities still bear malice."—TOOTSIE.

MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.



Myins. This is frightful, brother, the Prime Minister's horse winning the Two Thousand! Dadband. Verily, it is a shameful vanity. And say it can't lose the Derby!



Stiggins. O-o-o-o-h! It is sinful, this spoiling of the Amalekites! Brother Sixtofour, I believe you make an S.P. book? I will have what the profane term "a dollar" on Ladas.



Chadband. Verily, corn, and oil, and wine, are they not good? Brother Ramper, just put me on what the vulgar call "half a thick 'un" on Ladas, to win!

HANGING.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, writing to Mr. Joseph Whitaker on December 12th, 1875, says:—"About the year 1817 or 1818 there were one pound Bank of England notes in circulation, and, unfortunately, there were forged one-pound bank-notes in circulation also, and the punishment for passing these forged notes was in some cases transportation for life, and in others DEATH."

"At that time I resided in Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, and had occasion to go early one morning to a house near the Bank of England, and returning home between eight and nine o'clock, and seeing a number of persons looking up the Old Bailey, I looked that way myself, and saw several human beings hanging on the gibbet opposite Newgate prison, and to my horror two of these were WOMEN; and upon inquiring what these women had been hung for, was informed that it was for passing forged one-pound notes. The fact that a poor woman could be put to death for such a minor offence had a great effect on me, and I at that moment determined, if possible, to put a stop to this shocking destruction of life for merely obtaining a few shillings by fraud, for I felt sure that in many cases the rascals who forged the notes induced these poor, ignorant women to go into the gin shops to get something to drink, and thus pass the notes and hand them the change."

"I went home, and in ten minutes made a sketch of the 'Bank note not to be imitated.' It was published, and when

It appeared in Mr. Hone's shop windows it caused a great sensation, and the people gathered round in such numbers that the Lord Mayor had to send the police to disperse the crowd. The Bank Directors held a meeting immediately upon the subject, and after that they issued no more one-pound notes, and so there was no more hanging for passing forged one-pound notes: ultimately no hanging even for forgery. After this Sir Robert Peel got a Bill passed in Parliament for the 'Resumption of cash payments.' After this he revised the penal code, and after that there was not any more hanging or punishment of DEATH for minor offences."

The etching in question, signed for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, "J. KETCH," its design of eight men and three women hanging, and other grim details, is of a startling character, and one can easily imagine, caused much excitement and did much good. Many writers on the subject of the death penalty had expressed doubts with respect to its value as a preventative, and we here give two cases in point.

On September 4th, 1772, one Samuel Male was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey for robbery upon a Mrs. Ryan. The prosecutrix and other witnesses swore positively to his identity, but being called upon for his defence, he declared that he was innocent, and that the books of the Court would prove where he was on the day he was accused of committing the crime. Reference was made to the records, and, strange to say, on the day and hour sworn to, Male was actually on his trial at the bar where he then stood for another robbery, when he was unfortunate enough to have been mistaken for another person. He was subsequently acquitted, but six months later he was charged with a robbery committed on the person of a Mrs. Grignon, and, being unable for the third time to prove an alibi, he was found guilty and executed at Tyburn.

The case of Amos Merritt is curious. On August 19th, 1774, Patrick Maden, convicted of a foot robbery on the highway, was carried to Tyburn for execution, pursuant to his sentence. When the cart was drawn up under the gallows, a man among the crowd of spectators called out for the others to make way for him, as he had something to communicate to the sheriffs. He being passed to the front, this man, who proved to be Amos Merritt, declared Maden to be innocent of the crime for which he was going to suffer; but at the same time declined to accuse himself. The sheriffs on this despatched a messenger to the Secretary of State, requesting his further orders; and a respite having been obtained for Maden, he was carried back to Newgate amid the acclamations of the people.

Merritt was then taken into custody, and at the public office in Bow Street confessed that he himself had committed the robbery of which Maden had been convicted, and the last-named prisoner was set free. Though no doubt remained of Merritt's guilt, yet as no proof could be adduced to that effect, he for a while escaped justice. However, on January 18th, 1775, within six months of the period of his saving the life of Maden, he was himself hanged for burglary from Tyburn Tree.

LATEST.

I am n agane a bedd. beense with a broom nndel isa badd for groin hoise. wi wos i borrun? an iff so wi add i a mother? i porse fore a repli.

(Next week, "A Wild Man.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Many thanks for notice, WUFFY; You're a kindly sort of cove. Not at present, thank you, BERTIE. Much obliged for cutting, HOVE. Sorry that we cannot, WALTON. Better let it be, J. S. Thanks for cheery letter, STUBBLES. No, we really haven't, BESS. Only once or twice, ADMIRER. Glad to hear it, ARTHUR BLACK. Yea, it's somewhat awkward, BUFFER. But that is the Ancient's knack. We shall be delighted, PADDY. Yea, you ought to, H. F. G. Try the other, then, A READER; Surely they will let you see.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

First Pretty Darling. What would you like to be if you were a man, dear?

Second Pretty Darling. I think I should like to be a parson.

First Pretty Darling. A parson, dear! oh, how dreadful!

Second Pretty Darling. Oh, but fancy being able to talk for half an hour at a time without anyone contradicting you, and then getting paid for it!

Young Simple. Well, thank goodness, my wife is very easily pleased.

Old Sharpleigh. Oh, yes; anyone can see that.

THE mummer's favourite name I asked Of some few acting men; Said one, "Well, it appears to me It really must be 'Ben.'"

Country Hotel.

(Chambermaid (to Waiter). Lieutenant Jones wants a cup of tea. Lonely Commercial. And give Lieutenant Jones my compliments, waiter, and say that if he pleases I shall be very glad to smoke a cigar with him.

Interval.

Waiter (grinning). Lieutenant Jones sends her compliments, sir, and she'd rather not, thank you.

[N.B.—Lieutenant Jones belonged to the newly-raised Lady's Volunteer Corps.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 535.—The "Breaking the Bounds" Costume.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 2.—Hutton.



"These mountains are too steep for even a donkey to climb." "Then don't you attempt to climb them."



Sunday School Teacher. What are the heathen?
Smart Scholar. Heathens are people wot don't quarrel over religion.



Steeple-chasing.



"Don't be afraid, ladies and gentlemen, I shall leave off asking directly the hat is full."

Thomson. Beasts proud of his garden old Jarnan is; isn't he?
Robinson. Oh, rather; but I'm going to pay the old beggar out.
Thomson. How?
Robinson. I'm going in for keeping pigeons.

Bear. What's the matter, old man? Stocks tight?
Bull. That's just about what it is. Anyhow, they've had a drop too much to suit me.

"I'm awfully fond of your paper, Mr. Scatterink," said the fair girl. "Indeed," remarked the gratified editor, "it's very kind of you to say so." "Yes," continued the damsel, "you always have such jolly sorts of advertisements in—they're so interesting."

Brown. How's old neighbour Cubley getting on?
Walker. Much better, I think. I heard him swearing this morning over his shaving water quite in the good old way.

THE biggest worm is collared by
The early bird, 'tis said;
But how about the early worm?—
He'd best have stopped in bed.

Snapper. I can't see why people want to go abroad for a holiday? Here, at home, within three or four hours' ride, they can have mountain, valley, seaside, woodland or moor; while, as for change of climate—
Snapper. We get that every day.

Old Pepper. Allow me to inquire, sir, why you stare so hard at me?

Young Mustard. I was trying to find out why the deuce you were staring so hard at me.

Fastleigh. That waitress is a nice looking girl. I shouldn't mind kissing her.

Softleigh. You'd better not try it on. She'll give you such a box on the ears that they'll hum for an hour afterwards.

Fastleigh (suspiciously). How do you know?
Softleigh (confusedly). I? Oh, why, oh, I—er—er—someone told me.

First Young Matron. I do wish you'd come with us to the theatre this afternoon. We've got a splendid box for the matinee.

Second Young Matron. So sorry, dear; but George has got me a seat for the Divorce Court this afternoon, and I really can't miss it for anything.

First Young Matron. Oh, of course not, love. How very jolly to be you.

Jones. That young Smith is a fine young fellow—so honest and truthful; I don't believe he could deceive if he tried.

Cynicus. I hope the poor devil has got a fortune, then, for he will certainly never make one in these days.

Young Noodle. D'you know, Miss Pwettypert, that I ate some crab last night for supper and—er—yes, some brawn brawn and butter, and—er—I couldn't go to sleep all night, but—er—lay awake and thought all the time.

Miss Pwettypert. Do you mean to tell me that you thought all night?

Young Noodle. Yea; weally.

Miss Pwettypert. Then I should take out a patent for that supper if I were you.

WHAT graphic tales, with fluent tongue,
The man who wants to borrow
Can tell you of—the untold wealth
He'll have upon the morrow.

Jackson. You are so averse to trouble that I wonder you don't have a little lift fitted in the wall here, close to your chair, so that you would only have to touch an electric bell, and whatever you wanted could be sent up in a moment without any worry.

Sybarite. What would be the use of that? I should have to keep a boy standing here to ring the electric bell every time I wanted anything.

Young Sharpshins. What's a day's outing, dad?
Old Sharpshins. Why, you start by going out of town, then you get tired out, and finish up by being out of pocket and out of temper.

Brown. Do you like babies?
Robinson. Yes; I don't mind girl babies of about sixteen.
Brown. Months or years?

THE very latest name for a stale racing joke is a "horse chest-nut."

First Sweet Young Wife. Do you often go to the music-hall now, dear?

Second Sweet Young Wife. No, dear. Charlie has given me leave to go whenever I like, so there's no fun in going now.

Snapper. Bal Jove! what a striking woman that is over there, chappie! Just look at her!

Snapper (warmly). Ah, she belongs to a striking family, my boy. Her brother is middle-weight champion boxer.

Mrs. Perkyns. I hear as how old Mrs. Sneakleigh has got the kleptomaniac.

Mrs. Muddlechump. Lor! Does she take anything for it?
Mrs. Perkyns. Oh, yea; everything she comes across.

Bleggs. He's a low born cur.
Bleggs. Nonsense; his father was a man of eminence.
Bleggs. Indeed. What was he?
Bleggs. A steeple-jack.

It seldom fails to strike me as
The rummiest of jokes,
The smaller that we see the youth,
The bigger pipe he smokes.

Jones. I hear Quiverful has had an addition to his family.
Smith. Yes, another boy.
Jones. Goodness! another boy! That will make six, won't it?
Smith. Yes, nothing comes a-miss to him.

Edwin, departing for City two months after marriage.
Maria. Edwin, Edwin, come back, you haven't kissed me good-bye.
Edwin. Awfully sorry, dear, but I was in such a hurry to catch the train.

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TOOTSIE AT THE HAYMARKET.

I WONDER whether the good hero is on the wane? We have certainly had a good deal of him up and down, and it must be allowed there is a good deal of sameness about him, particularly in the "Prova."



Sir Philip Marchant: BEERBOHM TREE.

I happened by chance to see three melodramas last week at outlying theatres, and three good heroes, and they—the heroes—were all just alike. They all loved madly, and clutched the objects of their choice who laid their golden heads upon their hero's shoulders. Difficulties in all cases arose with respect to their unions, and they all knocked the dust out of their manly shirtfronts and comforted their lady-loves by an assurance that the clouds would soon roll by, the sun burst forth, and all be well. There was a villain in each piece, of course, who, of course, also clutched the heroine, who again, of course, at the very nick of time, was clutched by the hero and once again laid the head upon the shoulder amidst thunders of applause. But somehow I got to be awfully tired by the time I had watched to its happy ending the career of good hero number three, and hearing that Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing a bad man at the Haymarket there, I went by way of change.

In 1877 a three-act piece by Mr. Sydney Grundy, called *Mammon*, was produced at the Strand Theatre, the leading character in which was played by Mr. W. H. Vernon. A *Bunch of Violets* is a four-act version of the same drama written up to date by Mr. Grundy, with a tragic instead of a happy ending. The names of recent plays are not a little confusing and misleading. *Mammon* might not perhaps be a very good name, but it gives you a better idea of what you are going to see, and people seem to me none too quick in understanding. For instance, that wild and weird title, *Arms and the Man*, coupled with the wild and weird double-crown poster, may have kept a considerable number of well-meaning people away from the Avenue. There is a good deal of difference between the first and second editions of Mr. Grundy's play. In the first, Mrs. Chinnery, who is Mrs. Murgatroyd in the second, was not married to Sir Geoffrey, in the second edition called Sir Philip, and at the end, when the bad man found himself ruined and deserted by all, his wife and daughter returned to him in the hour of his need, and he himself turned over a new leaf and began life afresh. He had been, however, up to that point, such an uncommonly shady character, it was difficult to imagine how this hearty reformation was to be a lasting one, and certainly it would have been a difficult task to convince any of those who had been hard hit to believe in it. The play, as it stands now, is much more powerful and lifelike, and Sir Philip finally sips his "cold pison," and it seems as if it hurt him awfully.



Mrs. Murgatroyd: Mrs. TREE.

Lady Marchant: LILY HANBURY.

I like to see Mr. Tree in a strong character part of this kind. He wastes his powers on mediæval demons and fantastically attired kings of the Once Upon a Time period. I am sure we all like him best as a bad man in modern dress. His make-up is clever. Sir Philip is a cadaverous, cold-hearted wretch, utterly selfish and hateful, and the part is played in the most artistic style.

A great success is also made by Mrs. Tree, who, as Sir Philip's first wife, comes down upon him and his number two, to whom he is bigamously allied, and gives both what for.

As Sir Philip's number two, Miss Lily Hanbury has also a grand chance, of which she avails herself to the utmost. Mr. Lal Brough is in his best form, and Audrey Ford most certainly deserves a word of praise; her part is not one of the strongest, but what she has to do she does well.

Mr. Holman Clark, as the seemingly humble but rather deadly secretary of Sir Philip, is decidedly good, and others, as far as their opportunities permit of, acquit themselves well. Some critics lately have made some uncommonly bad shots in the prophetic line, notably in the case of *The Cotton King*, for which such a long career was predicted; but I think it may be safely said that there is much more lasting power in *A Bunch of Violets* than in the pieces which Mr. Tree has of late produced at the Haymarket, and certainly deserves to run. My advice is, go and see it.



Violet: AUDREY FORD.

Murgatroyd: LIONEL BROUGH.

OZONE.

THE honeymoon had only lasted five months when the beautiful young girl came to her mother in tears one afternoon. She had stolen home without, by hint or action, apprising her unsuspecting young husband of her intention, and now she sat and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"It is all about Percy, mamma," she faltered, when pressed as to the reason of the tears running. "I want, ever so much, to ask you something about him," and once more the beautiful head bowed, and the long lashes swept the floor—we mean flowers from her cheeks—and her tears fell like drops of precious dew upon the Axminster carpet.

"What has he done, my darling? Does he deny you anything—necessaries—say, such as plover's eggs, asparagus, early strawberries—"

"Oh, no, ma, dear, nothing of that sort; I have plenty to eat, but—oh! why does he let me pine?"

"Pine? Oh! to go somewhere, I suppose? But I thought he took you to the races at Hurst Park last Monday week, and Earl's Court Exhibition the Saturday before—"

"Oh, no, it's not that, but—but, oh!—but, why am I so desolate?"

"Perhaps because he doesn't give you presents enough. Is it anything about presents? Or cabs—makes you walk instead of calling a cab? Or won't go to church? Or—or tosses for drinks? Or bets on horses?"

"Oh, no, he doesn't do that—I'm sure he's most considerate in the matter of cabs if I feel tired; nor does he ever toss for drinks or bet on horses. But, oh! why am I so wretched?"

The elder lady seemed sorely puzzled, but she determined to have one or two more guesses at the cause of her daughter's distress. "Has he joined a night club? Taken to parting his hair in the middle? Got mixed up with the Salvation Army?"

"No; oh, no, nothing of that sort. If that was all I wouldn't care, but why, oh! why am I so utterly hopeless?"

"Possibly he gets boozed?" suggested the middle-aged lady, remembering to have read of such things. "Or lets his trousers bag at the knees? Or brushes his hat the wrong way? Or won't rub the pomatum off his hair at night to save the pillow slips?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that; you misjudge him," she cried; "he does not 'oil' himself, either inside or out."

"Then what on earth is the matter with him? How has he made you miserable? What has he done? What do you want of me?"

"I want to know—why—he gets up—when we go to the play—after every act—and goes—out of the theatre? I know he's got—oh, boo!—a horrid girl—a sweetheart—somewhere, and he goes—to see her!"

"Amelia Glycerina," remarked the sensible woman, heaving a sigh of relief, "it is your age and balmy inexperience that leads you to think these things."

"Oh! if I could only believe that!"

"Stand on me, my dear. Percy is fond of fresh air, and he goes out to get a mouthful. Your poor, dear father was just the same. That's all."

The red roses came back to her cheeks, the sapphire flash to her eyes, and a smile to her lovely cherry lips.

"I'm so glad," she said; "and now let's have a cup o' tea—and please send Sarah round the corner for a box of sardines, I'll stand treat on the strength of it!"

HIS MALADY.

A WRINKLED old chap, close on eighty, mayhap, Came to lodge in my second-floor back: And my spirit was stirred with deep grief, as I heard Of the pains that him nightly did rack. From midnight till day he would groan in a way That no language could possibly paint, And the tear-torrents rolled from my tear-ducts, when told That he suffered from liver complaint.

I was always a right sympathetic wight And my buzzum was ne'er so much torn By an injury wrought to my limbs, as by thought Of a pain by a fellow man borne. So I murmured, "Alack! to my second-floor back I may give deep offence, or I mayn't: But, for sympathy's sake, an endeavour I'll make To relieve him of liver complaint!"

Then advertisements nine I perused, to divine What might prove the best cure for his pain, And athwart me there passed a conviction at last That to give him a box—even twain—Of the pills that are made (for each sufferer's aid) In the hamlet of Helen the Saint Would be found an extremely effectual scheme For dispelling his liver complaint.

As he sat in his nook, I the pills to him took, But my heart got a terrible wrench When he chortled, "Mo friend, you no me comprehend!" (You'll perceive that my lodger was French.) "I am vat tu vould call as an book-worm, zat's all, Und I groan o'er ze books till I faint: So no physics I need, I no vant to be freed From ze pains of mo LIVRE complaint!"

A DECIDED IMPRESSION.

HE made sure when Brighton saw him in his new Whitsuntide rig-out, with the most pointed-toed patent leathers that ever came out of Holywell Street, and such a billycock, that Brighton would mistake him for a nobleman: some nobleman she couldn't quite remember the name of for the moment.

But it didn't come off. Though his bill at the Old Boat Hotel was telling up amazingly, and he'd found it prudent to count his spare cash more than once, he hadn't created sensation enough to turn one girl's head to look after him.

He'd try another dodge: the "Interesting Invalid." This is done by hiring a bath chair, which calls for you at your hotel, and being wedged into it by pillows and shawls in great quantity, and then having your chairman tug you steadily up and down the front for a couple of hours, with possibly an excursion to the end of the West Pier.

This came off all right. All right! It was real raspberry—Crosse and Blackwell's choicest! Not only did the girls look round, but they even deigned to smile, and now and again one or another would even deign to murmur, "Poor fellow, how very sad!" until he absolutely blushed for the deceit he was practising.

But he only did it one morning. He would have repeated it, mind you, but it turned out, when he got back to the Old Boat, that some wag had hung a pasteboard label on the back of his conveyance, and it ran, "Sad Results of Boose!"

And now bath chairs are "off."

A "PROFESSIONAL SMACK."

IN her father's garden, sitting out amongst the mignonette, she was taking on some knitting, whilst I puffed my cigarette, and I somehow started thinking—though I didn't like to speak—how I'd "pop" to her like winking when I earned three pounds a week. Then, a happy sunbeam glancing on a saucy-straying curl, nearly "drove me off my onion"—all my brain was in a whirl; and when Susie looked up shyly—well, there! strike me up a tree! wouldn't any cove have kissed her? Why, you'd bet your bottom d!

No, it didn't move or start her, nor she didn't scream or shout, nor accept it like a martyr, nor attempt to scratch or clout—no, my little act of plunder so contentedly she bore that—so help me bob! I wonder—had—some—cove—kissed—her—before???

[Referred to the Acrostic Editor.—ED. "A.S.H.-H."]

A HISS!

It was in the Ness in Amsterdam. I don't know whether you have ever strolled about there. I, for one, have, a good many times.

Last time I was there it was in the summer time, and I had been strolling about the city that's built on piles. The trees were green. The canals did not smell too loud. It was all very nice indeed. But it was before that I went into one of the dingle-dangles—*café's chan-tants* or sing-songs, or whatever you like to call 'em. There I heard from a girl waitress, whose face was about as pretty as a painted pancake—there, midst the tobacco smoke, quailed the squeaking voice of a girl, yelling out a second-rate London music-hall song. There, in the midst of a group of sailors and what-not, I heard the following:

She used to sing in this very place. She was a pretty girl enough. What was more, she was really Dutch, and came from out Edam way, where, you know, all the cheeses are made.

Girls have a knack, I suppose, in all countries, of growing sick and tired of the country, and cows and pigs, and all the rest of it. At anyrate, this girl Trintje, who styled herself on the rough play-bill as Mlle. Seraphine, did. She came to Amsterdam with vague ideas of doing all sorts of wonders, and of going on, in the end, to be a Parisian great person, who would one day, perhaps, come and squark at the London music-halls, and have her name stuck up here, there, and everywhere.

It was a hot night. There was any amount of tobacco smoke in the sing-song, and Trintje—I mean, Mlle. Seraphine—was to sing that sweetly modest song, "*C'est la fille à ma tante*."

The beggar at the cracked piano thumped away with any amount of spirit. Trintje never sang worse.

From over the mugs of Munich beer there came a distinct hiss. The Dutch girl looked as if she could heave a brick, or a soda-water bottle, if there had been one handy, at the hisser.

"There he is!" said a fat, Flemish girl who sat next to her. "What a devil-like grin he's got! How his upper lip turns up!"

"So it does," answered Trintje; "yet it don't show at all when he leaves off grinning. I owe the beggar one, though, for that, all the same, and I'll pay him out some day."

"Some days don't always come round," said the fat Fleming.

"Yes they do," said Trintje.

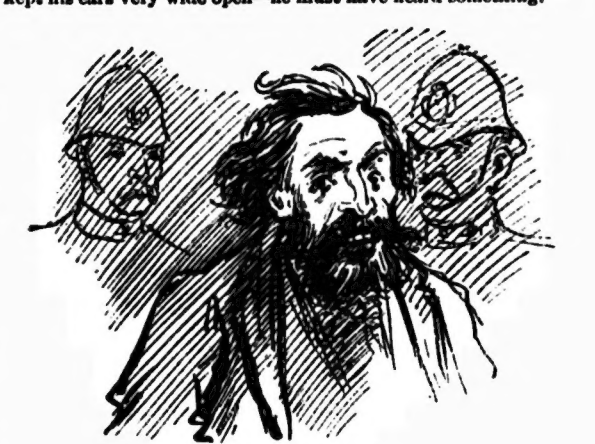
Now, it was at the Sappho Music-hall. Mlle. Seraphine had been a London success. She had been singing a song about driving cows. Although I don't suppose the talented whisky drinking audience understood the lingo, still, they knew what she meant by her splendid pantomime.

In the green room—for she spoke, like most Dutch girls, English very well—they had been talking about the latest dynamite outrage.

"They say," began Flossie Montessor, "that the man they want has an odd way of showing his front teeth—upper jaw, now and again; but, of course, that doesn't show much in his portraits, and those Italian waiter chaps are all as like to each other as two peas."

Mlle. Seraphine—Trintje—went on to sing about the cow. She was dressed exactly the same as when, two years before, she sang in the Amsterdam *café chantant*. She looked down at the stalls. Seated there was a man, whose eyes she met with a look of recognition, and whose upper lip, with a spasm of surprise, lifted up oddly and showed his teeth.

Oddly enough, the intelligent detective inspector, Mr. Silas Jonas, had a way of dropping in at the Sappho for a chat. The proprietor of the Sappho was a decent sort of fellow, and his whisky was a most decidedly decent sort of whisky. Surely—and he generally kept his ears very wide open—he must have heard something.



That hiss cost him his life.

Two hours afterwards, Stefano something-or-the-other was in the Bow Street cells.

That hiss at Amsterdam cost him his life.

MORAL.—Never hiss!



She. Don't you remember how half silly you looked when you asked me to be your wife?
He. I was not half silly, I was entirely so.



He. Let me put you on a pony for the next race.
She. Oh, George! I should fall off.



"Now's your time, Mum. I'll show you how to dodge the ansons, and we'll be across in a jiffy."



"They say that Lord Rosebery intends winning the Derby and wedding the prettiest girl in England. Probably then, Ladies will win the Derby, whilst I shall become wife of the Prime Minister of England."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 246.—MISS DULCIE HARTLAND.

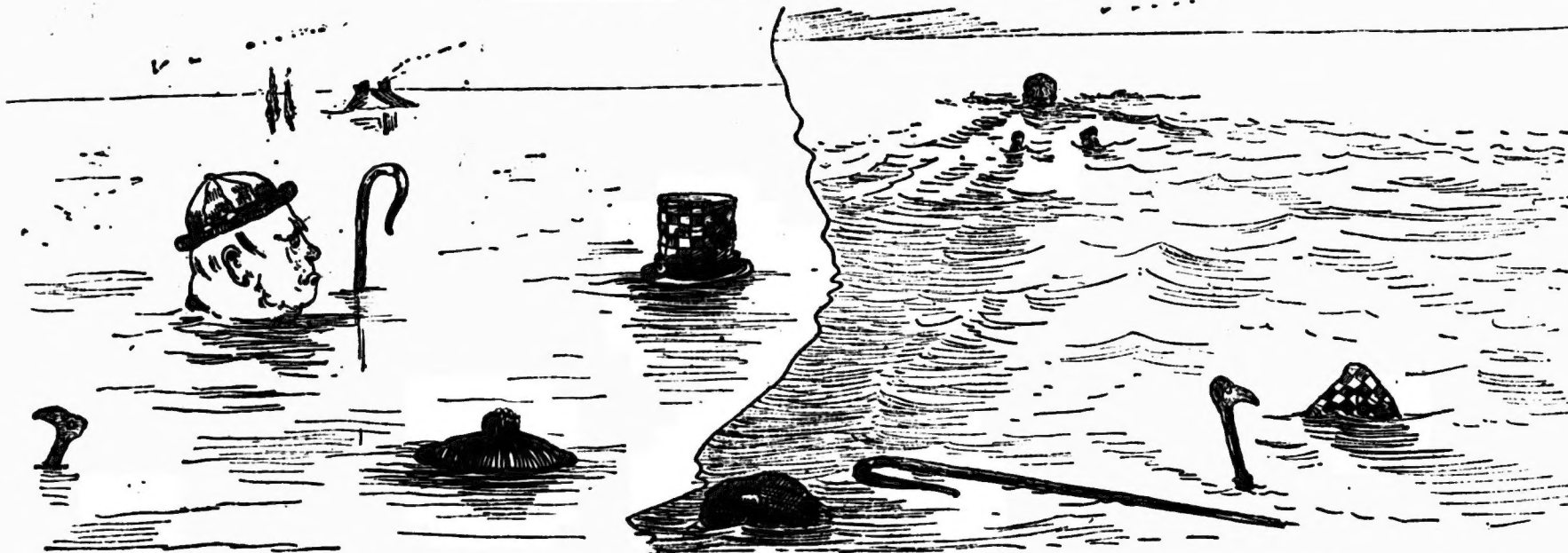
"Fair maid, thou canst not guess how I adore thee."
—The Duck Snoot.
"What perfect beauty in her ev'ry feature."
—Lord Bob.
"I pine in silent sorrow for her love."
—The Hon. Billy.



"And what, may I ask, is that bundle, Mr. SLOPER?" inquired Mr. Ernest Crofts, as the Eminent deposited a huge parcel on the floor of the famous artist's studio. "Not dynamite, Ernest, my boy," replied the F.O.M. "Don't think I have come to blow up one who deserves nothing but praise for his masterly productions." Mr. Crofts bowed and smiled faintly at the neatly turned compliment. "No, Ernest, these are props! It struck me that I might combine a little business with pleasure, for interviewing is a pleasure to me—'tis true I now and again meet with that treatment which, to one bred in the lap of luxury, and delicate from youth upwards, does come as a rude awakening. I propose to stand to you, Ernest, as a model; the consequent remuneration bestowed by your generous hand, I assure you, will not be unwelcome to one who, while shedding broadcast his valuable and world-famed journal for a paltry sum, knows too well at times the incommensurateness of impecuniosity. Do you follow me?" "No, my dear Mr. SLOPER; you must excuse me as I have a lot to get through, but"—here Mr. Crofts held out his hand—"if you must be going, good morning!" "Nay, nay, I mean do you understand? *surprizing*! in the words of those Frenchmen at Quatre Bras, whom you

love to paint.—(1) Now here," said A. SLOPER, unfastening his bundle, "is a costume—stop a bit, I'll put it on . . . Whew! A Roundhead victorians. D'you like the picture? And now to equalise matters" (here A. SLOPER made a quick change)—(2) "A cavalier, ditto. Again" (another rapid change) "we come to the Waterloo Campaign.—(3) Imposing figure for the foreground of 'say, 'Retreat of French Troops.'—(4) Then here's Wellington crying, 'Up Guards, and at 'em!' Never mind the horse; let us suppose it was shot under him early in the engagement And last but not least.—(5) Napoleon in exile. I haven't brought any limpets with me for him to gaze on, but the best substitute I could get on the spur of the moment." Here A. SLOPER scattered the two-pennyworth of whelks about him. "Well, yes, Mr. SLOPER, you might give me your card." "Certainly, Ernest, my boy. Tut, tut! I must have left my card-case on the Broadwood or the miasma's mangle, however, here is my address on this ticket, 'tis for the last of my good lady's costly set of—satirons." "But, perhaps, Mr. SLOPER, you might want to redeem—Too late! the time is out. Farewell, Ernest, and should you need my assistance, an epistle, and I will come to thee, my lad!"

McSWINE INUNDATED AGAIN.



(1) "Cum oot frae under that hat, McParrick. Dae ye intend shootin me under the water, ye low hornet?" roared Swine, the other morning.

(2) "Some devilry is on ft this day," he continued. "Awm off hame."
[N.B.—But it was nothing but a few relics floating down from a discussion at the Elder's little cot.]



Carthorse Parade.



The Month of Meetings.



Yeomarry at Windsor.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Well, my genial patrons, how goes it with you this week? Everything running smoothly I trust. As regards myself, I suppose I cannot complain. A rheumatic, gouty, asthmatically inclined old wreck, cannot expect to glide through life on greased rails. But now let us to business:—The Carthorses parade before The Judges and the folks galore:—Some Clergymen of great renown, This month will meet in London town:—Inspected by our Gracious Queen, The

horsemen at their best are seen:—The colours trooped, A. SLOPER gay, Does honour to the Queen's Birthday:—The "Dream of Woman fair" 'tis clear, A great success will be this year:—The Duke obliging is once more, At duty's call, he's to the fore:—That Demon golfer, Balfour gay, played splendidly the other day.—A. SLOPER is always pretty conspicuous, but never is he more so than on the Queen's Birthday. "May the Queen live for ever," says he.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

TO THE BEST OF HIS ABILITY.



"Fishing again! Why don't you work? Do not let the grass grow under your feet." "There ain't much chance of that. I've got on this spot every day for a fortnight."



ARTFUL MINXES AT THE MASQUERADE. "Oh, Miss Smithers, have you seen my three? I've come with 'em, you know, as their guardian, they're of theirs, very. They're 'Richantol Princesses.' I'm the Dragon—see? Now they've run away, and how I run after them with this tail on?"



"Why don't you put down that horrid wheel and come and help me!" "Why, my dear child, I am helping to the best of my ability. I am killing the blight."



A Dream of Fair Women.



The Temple Garden.



Balfour beating the boggy.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.



An ancestor of SLOPER's having his armour blackened in ye olden time.



AT MONTE CARLO. "I beg your pardon, but I am told you are a player who has never lost at the Casino." "Quite right, sir; I play the trombone in the orchestra."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

"THE Naughty Contingent," as Marie Lloyd's song has it, seems to be still the home of the duello, especially in France, Germany and Austria.



In the latter country, indeed, duelling by command has developed into a positive scandal; as at present, an officer who feels himself insulted by a civilian is bound by the unwritten laws of the service to draw his sword and wound the civilian, and, if challenged, to fight him afterwards. In all quarrels between military men where blows or insults have passed, it is duel or resign, and some nice old fights are the consequence. When A. SLOPER visits Austria he means to keep out of the way of the "military," as Aunt Geeser would say. He doesn't carry a weapon himself, other than those with which nature has endowed him, and to be suddenly prodded in the neighbourhood of the bread-basket by a fire-eating officer seems to be quite an ordinary occurrence over there. A. SLOPER will uphold the family honour, but he likes a fight with due regard for ceremony.

A LIVERPOOL man went suddenly raving mad whilst at a concert last week, and had to be removed from the building by half a dozen strong men. Perhaps the talented young lady amateur violinist, or the gentleman who gave the humorous recitations had something to do with it. Some people allow their feelings to carry them away so.

STATISTICS to hand show that the last quarter of 1893 was a very bad one for marriages, the number falling during those three months to the lowest on record. Since then, however, the ladies will doubtless be glad to hear, things matrimonial have been looking up, and the number of weddings is stated to be on the increase. Good news, girls, eh?

The Mildewed Scientist has this day been graciously pleased to confer the Award of Merit upon J. Manard, because of his bullet-proof coat. "Feyther," lisped the Azure Orbed, as he and the Aged returned from witnessing the crack shooter's daring display at the Oxford—"Feyther, I think I shall turn my mind to making something of the kind. I could get Boulanger Shakebacon or Ginetta Margarine to practise on at first, you know"—but here the Ancient thought it best to check Alexandry's inventive faculty before it became dangerous. But it might have been done more gently. The boy has got such lungs on him.

THE Emperor of China, we learn, possesses a craze for dogs of rare and curious breeds. The Eminent is thinking of putting a price on Snatcher.

"BETTING is, as a rule, a losing game," quoth A. SLOPER, as he laid his last dollar on Peep and Slipit for the "final" of the Novices' Handicap at the last trotting meeting at Alexandra Park. "but it is the unexpected that often happens." And such turned out to be the case. Peep and Slipit, who had won the first heat with consummate ease, was absolutely nowhere in its last heat. Yea, verily, trotting is a noble pastime—that is to say, to those who are in the know.

A CONTEMPORARY learns that a considerable number of jays have been observed in Suffolk and the Essex border this Spring. That's nothing! The jays to be seen about London, any day and any season of the year, aren't to be numbered.

King Kodak has settled down into a success at Terry's. The piece, as it was first presented, wanted working up, and wanted it badly. The needful has been done; new dances, new songs, new wheezes, new business has been introduced—in fact, the whole piece has been remodelled, with a result that is in the highest degree satisfactory. King Kodak is now a mirth-provoking entertainment from start to finish, and the public will flock to the theatre to hear Mr. Terry's funniments, see Miss Kate Vaughan's and Miss Mabel Love's dainty dancing, shriek at Mr. Charles Danby and Mr. George Giddens, and gaze in delight upon Miss Lolie Fuller, fresh from Paris successes, as she executes new and graceful measures.

THE Exhibition at Earl's Court is now in full swing, and if it is only patronized by the public as much as it deserves to be, before the end of the month half London will have already visited it. There is not a pleasanter resort in the Metropolis in which to spend an enjoyable evening than the "Industries." Pay one, two, six, or twenty visits to the Exhibition, and you will never tire of it. The name of the "Garden of London" was most happily chosen.

If you have not yet done so since Whit Monday, you must really pay a visit to the London Pavilion Music-hall. You must not miss their Whitsun programme on any account. Is it strong, did you say? Well, rather! It is almost Sandowian in its strength. There is not a weak turn throughout the performance. Not an indifferent one either. What pleased us, too, during our visit was the fact that most of the artistes were provided with new songs. This is an innovation, and a very acceptable one, so far as music-halls are concerned. Among the artistes engaged we may mention the names of Dan Leno, Charles Godfrey, Herbert Campbell, R. G. Knowles, Gus Elen, Albert Chevalier, Harry Freeman and Harriett Vernon. These are only samples, but, nevertheless, mouth-waterers for all that.

NEMESIS, in the person of Robert Buchanan, poet and dramatic author, is on the track of the dramatic critic, therefore the latter individual may be expected before long to pack his traps and make tracks from London with as much speed as can possibly be attained. Robert is a terrible fellow when thoroughly aroused, and he is aroused now with a vengeance. He shows no mercy, and spares no one. He hits straight from the shoulder, and his blows are of the hardest. Clement Scott having dared to slate one of his plays, has brought down on his own head the full force of the gallant Robert's wrath. What Clement's ultimate fate will be it is difficult to surmise. Probably we shall read soon of his mutilated body having been discovered in Whitechapel, or some other wilderness.

IN spite of the recent spell of warm weather, business at the Globe Theatre is as brisk as ever. The public are not yet, and, seemingly, will never be, tired of *Charley's Aunt*. And they are good judges, too. The piece seems to grow funnier at nearly every performance. We should not be at all surprised to see the piece run for yet another twelve months.

SEVERAL magnificent estates are still in the property market, we learn. That magnificent pile, rich in historical and literary interest, known as Court Mildew, will shortly be brought beneath the hammer at Tokenhouse Yard, if the financial condition of its owner doesn't brighten up a bit.

IN spite of the combined efforts of English brewers and Irish distillers, and a tremendous battle in the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt's Budget Bill has passed its second reading, and may practically be considered to have passed into law. It is not surprising, therefore, that the faces of A. SLOPER, McGooseley, McNaband sundry others of the clique have been considerably elongated for some days back. Never do they remember hitherto receiving such a facer as is contained in the Budget for '94-5. They have now for years past guarded the interests of the spirit and beer trade, even at the sacrifice, sometimes, of their own personal convenience. And to think they should be betrayed by those from whom they had expected so much. Alas! the fates are at present unkind, but a time will come, and that before long, when the steadily-increasing duty on spirits and beer shall be wiped out altogether. A. SLOPER has declared it, and no obstacle as yet has ever prevented the Eminent from attaining his object.

AN American criminal named Pease, escaping from justice the other day, was knocked down by an express train and horribly mutilated. He is now Pieces.

THE statement that the Editor of *Larks!* has broken down through overwork is happily incorrect. The gifted gentleman in question is still devoting his great energies to the production of the most wonderful ha'penny comic paper in the universe.

HER Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria has now completed her 75th year, and seems as full of life and vigour as she was twenty years ago. Indeed, Iky Moses, who has charge of the Royal cutlery, informs us that he has never seen her look more blooming in his life. If there is one thing more than another to be admired in the Sloper Staff it is their loyalty. So loyal are they, in fact, that they have dedicated the whole of the present week to toasting the Queen. The Eminent has, in fact, ordained that any member of the Staff found guilty of departing from Shoe Lane sober, on any evening this week, shall be indicted for contempt and instantly discharged. It is no good people boasting of loyalty. Words are but empty at the best of times. Let those who respect Royalty make some sacrifice. The Sloper Staff have done so. They have sacrificed their principles. Drunkenness more than twice a week they, as a rule, abhor.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 2ND JUNE, 1894.

27th May, 1703.—Peter the Great, who this day founded St. Petersburg, when in England, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing crowds of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some one about him, what all those busy people were, and what they were about? and being answered, "They are lawyers." "Lawyers!" returned he, with great vivacity, "why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

28th May, 1843.—Webster, the American lexicographer, died this day. Writing of the origin of the word "quits," he says: "Daly, manager of the Dublin Theatre, chalked up *quits* on a wall, and in twenty-four hours it was the talk of the town."

29th May, 1832.—Raikes, under this date, says that the two foreigners then best known in London Society were Montrond and D'Orsay. Of the former he says: "Old age has mellowed the more riotous traits in his character, and a life of quiet self-indulgence seems now to be his only ambition. He was notorious in Paris as a *roué* and duellist." The other, D'Orsay, "Very good-looking and gifted with great talents."

30th May, 1784.—An Irish critic writes on this date of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin: "The world will scarcely credit the truth when they are told that fourteen children, five old women, one hundred tailors, and six common councilmen were actually drowned in the inundation of tears that flowed from the galleries, the slips and the boxes to increase the briny pond in the pit. The water was three feet deep, and the people that were obliged to stand upon the benches were in that position up to their ankles in tears."

31st May, 1882.—The *Daily Telegraph* of this date says: "A happy event recently came off in the reptile department of the Berlin Aquarium. No fewer than fifty-six eggs had been laid by one of the female pythons therein abiding. Dr. Hermes, on learning the joyful news, at once resolved to test the availability of serpentine ova for human consumption as an article of food. To this end he invited a select party of local gourmards to lunch, and commenced his experiments by boiling a python's egg for several minutes and offering it—opened in the usual manner—to his guests, who, however, respectfully declined to taste it, upon the ground that cooking had produced no visible alteration in the consistence of its external and internal substances—respectively a greenish leathery skin and an opaque yolkless, grey liquid. Not particularly fancying the look of this egg himself, Dr. Hermes proceeded to open another, and emptied its contents into a frying-pan. Adding butter and salt in due proportions, he soon succeeded, with the aid of a gas stove, in producing a python omelette, which is reported to have "smelt uncommonly appetising." Finally, none of his friends exhibiting any ambition to vie with him for the honour of the first taste, he valiantly swallowed a mouthful, and pronounced it "supremely toothsome." Fired by his example, all present then partook of the savory mess with apparent relish."

1st June, 1881.—The top stone of the Eddystone Lighthouse was this day laid by the Duke of Edinburgh.

2nd June, 1845.—The stewards of the Jockey Club this day expelled William Day, Bloodsworth and Stebbings for conspiring to injure Mr. Gully's horse, Old England, in the race for the Derby.

UNEXPECTEDLY EXPLAINED.

THE Dooky Snook, the Lordy Bob,
McGooseley, Iky Mo,
And he from whose poetic nob
These nimble numbers flow,
Were seated with the Wreck, and (not
With drinking gin content)
Were furthermore considering what
Some well-known phrases meant.
And at the hour of midnight they'd
Just started to inquire
What meant the speech so often made—
"The fat is in the fire!"

At eleven fifteen, Hon. Billy (who
Was woful short of cash)
Began a burgling feat to do
In risky mode and rash.
So rash, so risky, that the slops
Surprised him at the deed,
And fizzig o'er fifteen house-tops
He fled with headlong speed.
And, just at twelve o'clock, the boun-
ding cops so near him got
That, nearly dead with fright, he down
A. SLOPER's chimney shot!
Then shrieked the guests with wild amaze,
But quoth the Mildewed Sire:
"We now perceive what means the phrase,
"The FAT is in the fire!"

A MORAL TALE.

GATHER round, little children, and SLOPER will relate to you a moral tale. Young John Hopkinfork was a very smart young man—that is to say, for Worcestershire. He could spoof all the other young men at billiards, and tire them at halfpenny "nap," or beat them to a jelly at backing horses—that is to say, the young men down in Worcestershire.

Well, by dint of all these accomplishments and a bit of thrift "on his own," he had quite a pocketful of money on him when he came up to London to spend Whitsuntide.

He was standing outside the Great Western station at Paddington, thinking what a heaven-born thing it was to be a natural genius, and turning over in his mind the fifty different ways in which he might spend a jolly evening, when a young man of about his own age stepped up and seemed to recognise him.

"I say, old chap," said he, "I'm awfully obliged to you—here's that fiver you lent me at Lincoln."

As the note was pressed into his open hand, young John Hopkinfork only smiled, inwardly sneering at the fools who would have told the stranger he'd made a mistake: John thought he was as smart as a society newspaper. Yes, he pocketed the "fivemay," and then he stood a drink, and then another, and then somebody else stood drinks; and then he stood another round, till—till—

Well, when they closed the public-house that night, the potman woke him out of the slumber into which he had fallen and deposited him on the pavement outside. And when he came to, in the police-station, he found there was absolutely nothing in his pockets, his only possession being his return ticket, which somebody had thoughtfully pinned on to the back of his coat.

John's fable about being "held up" and "cleaned out" by a dozen footpads, most of whom he wounded slightly, went down all right in Worcester, but the mere sight of a "fiver" now brings on the shudders with him.

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

22 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A "FLY" FISH FOR FLY-FISHERS.

[The current number of *Daily's Magazine* has much to say on the Educated Trout of the day.]



'Tis an age of education,
When folks of ev'ry
station
May take good heed to
write and read, and
cipher "out-and-out";
And so 'twill not sur-
prise us
That sages now advise us
That the up-to-date
student is the Edu-
cated Trout.

It certainly is truthful
That e'en the Troutlet
youthful
Doth scorn the fly (you go
and try!) with quite a
learned pout;
He doubtless hath been
reading
Of former fishes feed-
ing—
Thus at the fly he winks
his eye, this Educated
Trout!

We anon may read in
Daily

Of sage Trouts rising gaily
In many a nook with Isaac's book and ruling "triplets" out;
Thus S. Fair is a snubber
Of ev'ry Angling Clubber,
For own he must his game is "bust" by Educated Trout!

JACK'S STRATAGEM.

YES, there was no help for it, none whatever. There sat the man-in-possession, calmly smoking the clay of peace in the best arm-chair, and Jack Lasher, as he stood dejectedly surveying him, was sick and sore at heart.

It was hard enough to have the bums in under any circumstances, but the devil of it all was, don't you know, that he couldn't by any possible means pay 'em out till the day after to-morrow, and there was Charlie Hardcastle coming to grub with him that very evening.

His reflections were long and earnest.

"Look here, you, what's your name," he said at the end of them, "I want you to do me a favour, you know, and—er—if you behave properly and all that, I'll make it half a quid extra when I pay you out. You'll do it for me?"

The fellow looked up curiously.

"Well, that half depends on vot the favour is, gov'nor," he said. "If it's fair an' square, I'm hon, but if it's any bloomin' joke to git me out of the ouse, I tell you plain it won't wash."

"Calm yourself," said Jack shortly, "and listen. I've a friend coming here to dinner this evening, and I won't do for him to see I've got a broker's man in my chambers, and so—well, in fact, I want you to rig yourself up in some things of mine I'll give you, and let me introduce you as a friend or relative of mine from the country."

The M.-I.-P. comprehended. He winked expressively, and intimated his willingness to fall in with the idea.

Jack led him upstairs, and turned out his wardrobe in quest of suitable attire. Three quarters of an hour's careful work and the man-in-possession was transformed into a fairly presentable being, as Charlie's rousing knock came at the door.

He was already in the room when Jack came down looking a bit nervous, and closely followed by the M.-I.-P.

"How are you, chappie?" he cried with forced gaiety, "all right? Well, let me introduce you to an uncle of mine; just come up from er—from Shropshire."

To his astonishment, Charlie nodded to the broker quite familiarly.

He said, "Ah, Jackson, so we meet again! How are you, Jackson?"

Jack turned to his friend in amazement.

"Do you know the—er—my uncle?" he asked.

"Know him?" said Charlie, roaring, "why, my dear old chappie, I mustn't claim exclusive relationship with him; why, on three occasions at least he's been my uncle, too!"



GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

MAY EVERETT.

A BRIDE I want, and for a bride
I'd make Miss Everett my
selection;
For, of all the girls on earth
beside,
There's none that's half so
near perfection.
For her my blood I fain would
shed,
I've in my inmost heart en-
sconced her:
But alas! if I my love should
wed,
I'd die, devoured by the
Green-eyed Monster!

The title of this piece will show
That heavenly Everett nightly
acteth
Within the "Friv."—but who
may know
What hearts she to herself
attracteth?
So well with love can she the
breast
Of every don and every John
stir,
That I dare not wed my dar-
ling, lest
I die, devoured by the Green-
eyed Monster!

'Tis eighteen-ninety-four, A.D.,
And though of sweethearts I have plenty,
A bachelor I still shall be

When we reach the spring of nineteen-twenty.
One image fills my heart for aye,
Yet, though I've in my heart ensconced her,
I cannot wed "the people's May."

To die, devoured by the Green-eyed Monster!



THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

HINCKLEY, 17th May, 1894.

MY DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me by present-
ing me with your valuable Award of Merit. I note you have seen fit
to do so because of the "originality" which I earnestly endeavour
to lay some slight claim to; but when I gaze upon your magnifi-
cently artistic signature at foot of said Award, I feel almost as big
an impostor as you try to make your noble self out to be. How-
ever, I will try to prove worthy of my new "Degree," for the
creation of which I thank you most sincerely.

Yours faithfully, SYDNEY S. PRIDMORE.

Pro A. L.

P.S.—I must apologise for not writing personally; but a serious
accident to my right arm prevents me having the pleasure of so
doing.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

NO. 219.—HE GETS BOOSEY.

By dint of much pleading and hard interceding,

The pledge they induced him to sign.

All the public forsook he; for half a year took he

No whisky, gin, brandy, rum, wine.

"Till the dismal dark day when I'm doom'd to expire,

I will never get boosey!" said SLOPER, Esquire.

Then there came an occasion when Strife made invasion

Of ALLY's pacific abode.

His once gentle daring by snapping and snarling

His peace and contentment o'erthrewed.

Till his patience oozed out, and he rose in his ire,

And "I'll go and get boosey!" said SLOPER, Esquire.

On hearing this statement, how great an abatement

Of madame's ill-humour occurred.

And she swore she would *semper* abstain from bad temper

If he'd cancel his vow so absurd.

But she roused in his breast an unquenchable fire:

"I will go and get boosey!" said SLOPER, Esquire.

The Templar departed, and, jolly down-hearted,

His wife in her penitence wept.

But an hour had not glided, ere sweetly subsided

Her grief, when her husband re-stepped

Into Blissville, as sober as judge or as friar.

Yet "I've been and got boosey!" said SLOPER, Esquire.

At the Broadwood piano down sat the Old Man, oh,

But spake, ere the keyboard he tried:

"Unto Boosey's, my queen, in Street Regent I've been,

And a Cavendish Music Book bought!

Yes, to drown in sweet music the sounds of your ire,

I have been and got BOOSEY!" said SLOPER, Esquire.

"LIKE FATHER, LIKE—"

"DARLING," he said, as he drew her unresisting form towards
him as they sat upon the most secluded seat in the most secluded
part of the pier. "Darling, give me your hand."

She shot a quick glance at him from beneath her magnificent
lashes, one hasty glance, and then trustingly laid her daintily
gloved little palm in his.

He pressed it fondly, and with trembling, clumsy fingers com-
menced fumbling with the buttons.

She seemed—almost, as it were, by instinct—to divine his purpose,
and, withdrawing her hand, removed the glove with practised
dexterity.

He caught eagerly at her white fingers with one hand, whilst
with the other he searched eagerly in an inside pocket, drawing
forth in a minute a tiny morocco case. Unfastening the clasp, he
drew forth a ring, the glittering gems of which flashed brilliantly
as the moonlight glinted upon them.

"There, love!" he exclaimed, as he tenderly slipped it upon her
"engaged" finger; "there is the formal token of our plighted
troth. And now, pet, now that you are really mine, you will give
me just one—one tiny kiss?"

He leant forward as though to draw her into his embrace, but
the lovely creature checked him with an imperative gesture.

"Stay," she said, as she turned the glistening circlet round and
round upon her finger, "Stay one moment. Have you bought this
specially for me?"

"Specially, my queen. I wired to my jeweller in Bond Street
yesterday, the moment you told me I might hope, and ordered
him to send off the handsomest ring in his stock, regardless of
cost."

"And this," she queried, "this is what he has sent you?"

"Yes, love, and I hope it pleases you. The price is certainly
heavy—very heavy—but—"

"Look here, George," she interrupted, "you can dry up, now; it
won't wash. I'm a pawnbroker's daughter, George, and I haven't
lived twenty-three summers without learning the difference
between paste and the real article, and these are such very bad
stones even for paste that I can tell 'em in this light. No, George,
take back your ring and bestow it upon someone more worthy.
You can't spoof me, George, you can't spoof me."

And leaving the wretched man paralyzed, she swept haughtily
away, and was soon lost in the giddy throng who surged around
the band-stand.

FRIENDS OF A BYGONE YEAR.

FROM North to South, as a man of trade,

I was forced by express to go:

And the train at a roadside station stayed

(For the time-table stated so)

To pick passengers up for London town,

And the thought occurred to me, "Here

Will I break my journey, and sit me down

With the friends of a bygone year!"

I am thirty now: and the spring-tide's change

Has a dozen times come round

Since, a stranger cast in a land most strange,

I a home in that village found.

But I would I could tell of the breaths that gasped,

Of the fall of the joyful tear.

Of the smiles that were smiled, when the hands I

clasped

Of the friends of a bygone year.

For some of my comrades of former days

I wept, for they slept in earth:

On some it was infinite joy to gaze,

And to talk of the old-time mirth.

And I'll sing to the person who lightly roams,

That the earth has no joy more dear

Than at times to revisit the hearts and homes

Of the friends of a bygone year!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE Door by which Goods go into a Ship's Hold: Steve-door.

NEVER be guided by a maiden. When a Miss guides, you can-

not fail to be mis(s)-guided.

GRAVE Issues: Ghosts.

A MAN who Would be Glad of a Pen-shun: The overworked

journalist.

THE Board of Trade: A tradesman's counter.

ANOTHER Attempt. The Bored of Trade: A tradesman who is

jolly sick of it.

HIS LITTLE GIRL.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN TREVOR started with surprise when Phil Rance said he
never had a daughter. He had come to regard the story told by
Jim Hardcole as true. He knew
what Phil Rance was at the time
he was in South Africa, and he
knew the condition he had him-
self been in, and after the first
rush of incredulity when he
heard Jim Hardcole's story, he
concluded that hard, if unpalat-
able, facts had been stated. He
therefore with delight heard Phil
Rance's declaration that he never
had a daughter. It opened up
new vistas of life to him—it left
him free to love Clotilde Hay-
croft—to win her, if he could.
He even shuddered to think of
the person to whom he might
have been tied for life, had Har-
dcole's tale been true. A gambler's
child—thrown amid all the
temptations that the lowest life
in the new colony might offer.
This danger was now averted;
there was no chance of claims on
behalf of such a woman being
raised against him. The pleasant
surprise almost unmanned him,
and for a moment he could
scarcely speak. Then he heaved
a relieved sigh, and said,
"You say you never had a
daughter?"

"Never had a daughter,"
echoed Phil Rance.

"Then it is evident I can't be
married to your daughter?"
said Jack.

"You certainly can't," said Rance. "Who said you were?"

"Jim Hardcole. It must be all an infernal lie. By Jove! I think
I will call you mister." And Jack's face began to assume a more
pleasant look.

"Don't be in a hurry, Jack Trevor; you might regret it. Jim
Hardcole said you was married to my daughter, did he? Did he
make this statement to you when you got better of your illness at
Cape Town?"

"No, ten days ago—here in London. He burst it on me because
he imagined I was to be married—wanted to blackmail me, in
fact."

"Hum—blackmail."

"Said I would be guilty of bigamy."

"So you would, Jack Trevor, so you would; but I don't see how
he could prove it."

"You said you had
no daughter, Phil
Rance; therefore, it
must be a lie he told."

"To some extent;
but you married an-
other man's daughter,
my boy."

"Then his tale of
my being married
while unconscious is
true."

"Quite true. I was
down on my luck at
the time. The girl was
left in my charge by
a man who chummed
with me; and when
he died I swore she'd
share half of my luck.

My luck for a time
was pretty poor, and
when you was down
on your back with
the—well, I'll say 'ill'
—I had lost every
farthing at the
gaming table. I
thought, as you had
some money, I would
marry the girl to you.

"If you died, she would get something out of your relatives; if you
lived, something might be squeezed out of you. It was a mad,
idiotic scheme, and I have bitterly repented it hundreds of times
since."

"You were a scoundrel, Phil Rance!"

"That is so, Jack Trevor—that is so. But I have bitterly re-
pented of it since, I tell you; and I only did it for the sake of my
little girl."

"Am I to believe this extraordinary story of yours or not?"
asked Jack.

"It is the truth, whether you believe it or not," replied Rance.

"Well, and what happened next?"

"Well, I found a sovereign, and I went to Mulrooney's. It must
have been a lucky
sovereign, for I won
a hundred pounds that
night at a sitting. I
may be a scoundrel,
Jack Trevor, but I am
not a fool. I knew luck
like that did not last
long, so I spent that
cash in an outfit, and
set off for a part of the
country which my little
girl's father had told
me of, and of which he
had given me a rough
chart. My chum de-
clared, before he died,
there were diamonds
there, and there were.
Before six months were
over I was as rich as a
dozen Jews, and so was
my little girl. I have
kept on getting richer
and richer, Jack Tre-
vor, and that's how I
come to live in a palace
like this, and why I
like people to call me
mister."

"And the girl—my
wife?"

"Oh, the girl—your
wife! Yes, of course,
she was your wife."

"Is my wife."

"Oh, of course, is your wife, if—if you could get her."

"Get her? Is she dead?"

"She is dead—to you!"

(To be continued next week.)

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THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



NO. 361.—MR. CHARLES CRUFT, F.O.S.
 "The hero of this week's sketch was always a promising youth. He even paid his tailor's bills when he gave his word, and such an instance alone stamps him a man in a million. Cruft père, however, was hard to please. He was one of those busy old gentlemen who are always telling you what young men were in his day, and, in his opinion, young Cruft was a lousy, idle vagabond, and would indubitably go to the dogs. Curiously enough, the old man's prophetic assertion has been fulfilled, though with none of those dire consequences generally associated with a journey to what Mr. Mantalini termed the 'demonstration bow-wow.' Our hero went to the dogs; he studied the canine of all breeds, and to-day is one of the best authorities on the subject, and, as an organiser of doggy exhibitions, is famed far and wide. Chiefly because of his dog shows he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him April 21st, 1894."—*Debrett Improved.*



Mary. Your new gardener looks rather supercilious.
 Jane. And he is, too; he's one of the supercilious men I ever met.

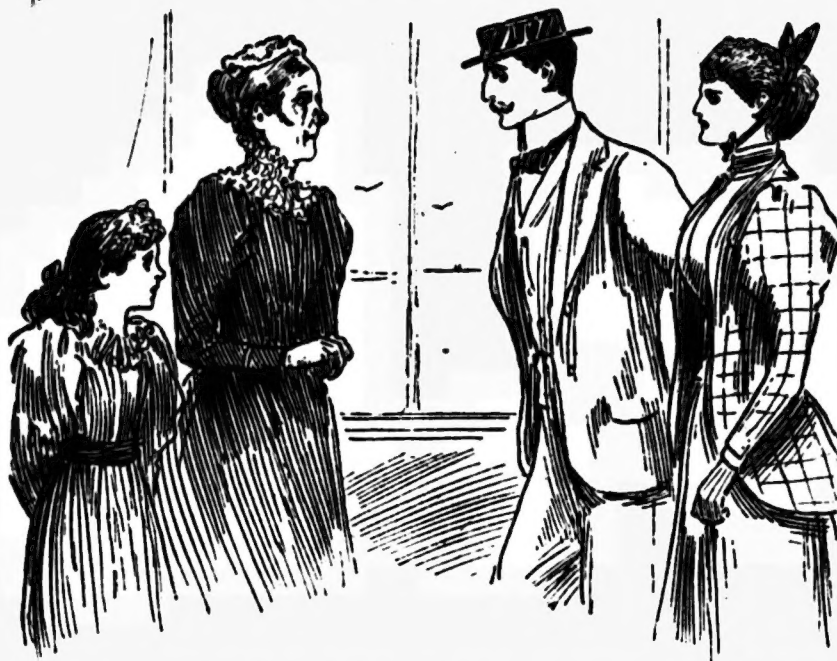


Spindleshanks (sotto voce). Can't say I appreciate these false calves Uncle has left me. I suppose some folks would call them a handsome leg-acy.



Grandad. Don't be frightened of him, Tommy, my boy, he's awfully fond o' little boys.
 Terrified Urchin. B-o-o-h! that's the very thing I was thinkin', Grandad.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.



Well, I think the apartments will suit. By-the-bye, I hope there is no one in the house that plays the piano.
 "No one, only my daughter here, and she is only learning."

[Collapse of would-be occupant.]



DARWINIAN PLEASANTRIES.
Self-Adulationist. I've got wather large ears, I admit, but they say a man wi' long ears can always be trusted.
Candid Friend. Yes, as far as you can see 'em, which is a little bit farther than most people's.



WHAT DID HE MEAN?
 "Do you think I make a good Roundhead, Sniffles?"
 "Dunno, old man. What was the head usually made of?"

THE LADIES INVASION, AND THE SMOKER'S REVENGE.



(1) "Porter!" hissed Puffer, through his clenched teeth, "if you fill the only smoking-carriage in the train with gabbling women and squalling brats again, I swear, by my grandfather's whiskers, I will take a deep and deadly revenge upon them!" "Hed, sir!" replied the porter. (2) "Now then, Mim, hurry up! The 'Smoker's' pretty near full up, an' you'll 'ave to go in a ordinary carriage if you don't look alippy!" (3) "Now then, mister, look sharp!—she's off!" "Very well, porter, I'm coming," replied Puffer, and a smile of fiendish malignity flickered on his face as he selected a large and powerful British cigar of the "Burning Ragshop" brand from his case. (4) "Ho, ho!" he chuckled a moment later, as the train

gathered speed, "my hour of vengeance has arrived! Listen and tremble! You are all in my power! We are locked in together for the next three or four hours! This specially constructed cigar is calculated to kill at three hundred yards in the open! I have a right to smoke! Therefore, prepare to die!" and he placed the deadly weapon between his thin, cruel lips, whilst the faces of his defenceless victims blanched with terror, and even the infants, though they understood not the purport of his words, yelled at the presentiment of evil. (5) A moment later, and with a blood-curdling groan, he bowed his head upon his shuddering breast. His deeply planned vengeance was baffled. He had forgotten his lights!

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



Aurelia.

UNSELFISH.



"Won't mamma buy a new sister for Tommy, too?"

CONSOLATORY.



"I've got such a stitch in my side." "Well, dear, if it's in time so much the better, it'll save nice, they say."



W.F.M.

"In spite of
 has become possess
 favourite at the H
 Ladas was only an



not people think Blust
 sort of